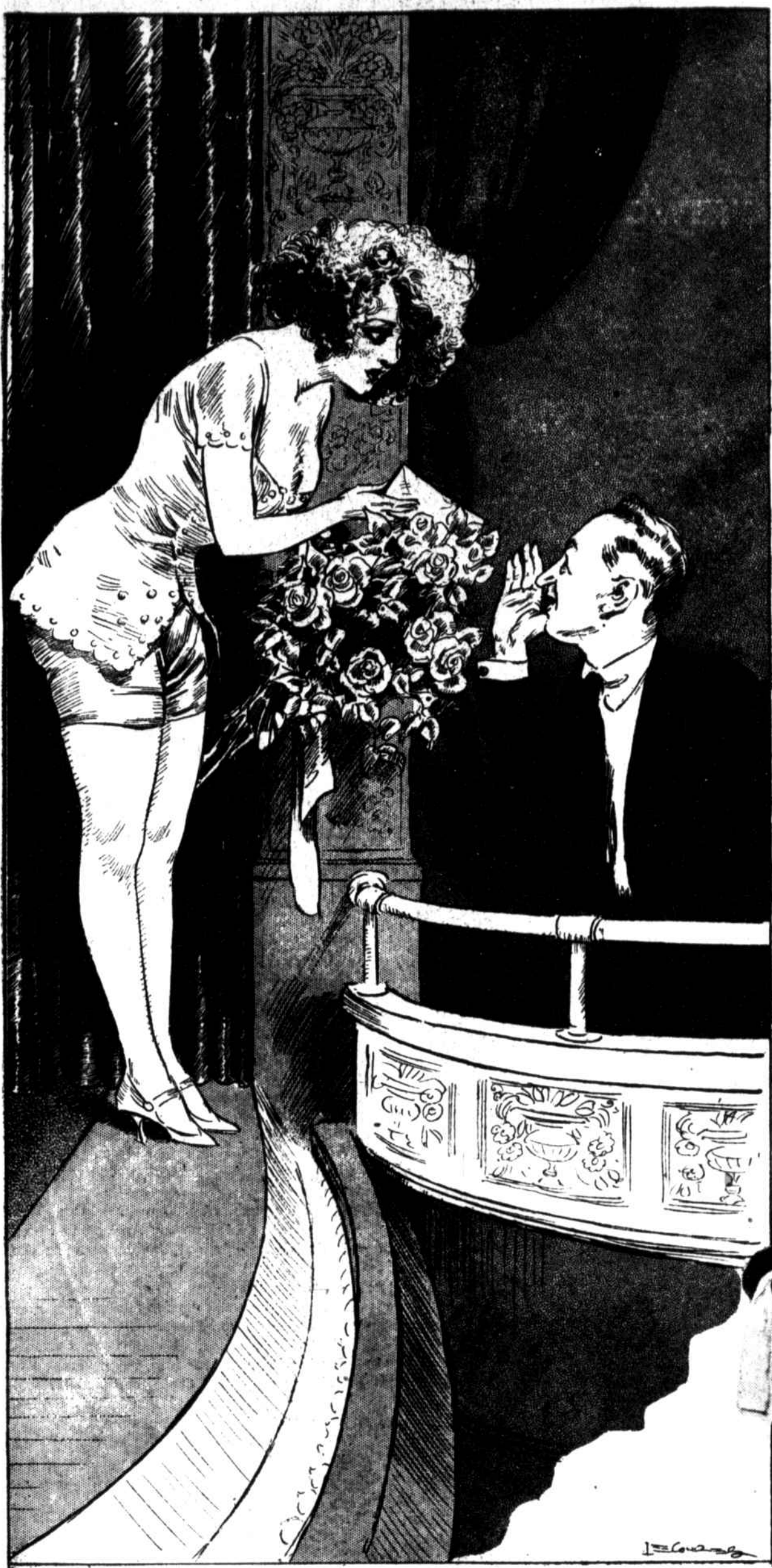


Like the Antics of

David Hartman, Who Pushed His Way Into Chambers' Bath Room to Serve Tells of His Experiences and the 20,000 Unwilling Persons



"Leaning far over in the box, Mr. Hartman held out a bouquet and Eva Tanguay beamed with joy. As she reached out for the supposed token of admiration, Hartman said: 'Read the note.'"

"And as Eva's fingers reached into the bouquet and drew forth the hidden paper, Hartman shouted: 'Eva, it's a summons!' And the merry vaudeville performer instantly called back the words of her well-known song, 'I Don't Care.'"



The Bogus "Count" Rousselot, Who Imposed Upon Marjorie Rambeau and Was Served by Hartman and His Partner.



Lew Fields, the Comedian, Who Got a Summons on the Stage from Hartman.



Mrs. Robert W. Chambers, Who Was Rudely Disturbed in Her Bath Room by the Irrepressible Hartman.

If you want to bring a law suit against somebody the law insists that you serve a notice on the person in some way or another.

It is not surprising that people do not like to be sued, and try to keep out of reach of lawyers' clerks or process servers who make it their business to serve legal papers on people.

It follows naturally, therefore, that in a great city like New York it is a profitable business to engage in serving legal papers for lawyers. And thus it has come about that Mr. David Hartman, with unusual fidelity to business and patience, ingenuity and resourcefulness, has risen to the top of his profession, and is known as the most skillful process server in New York City.

Perhaps the general public would not have known what an efficient person Mr. Hartman is in his line if he had not happened to have been given a document the other day to serve upon the charming wife of Mr. Robert W. Chambers, the well-known popular novelist. The Chambers home is on East Eighty-seventh street, and David, with his little paper hidden up his sleeve, wanted to see Mrs. Chambers very badly to serve that little paper and go back to the lawyer who engaged him and collect his fee.

But Mrs. Chambers, on the other hand, didn't want to see David. And she wasn't particularly fussy about receiving the process.

She happened to be in the bath tub at the time David called, moreover. Now, as everybody will agree, it is a bit of a bore for a lady to receive callers, particularly strange male callers, arrived on disagreeable legal errands, from the watery fastnesses of her white porcelain tub. Mrs. Chambers made this very plain to the maid; who made it plain—or tried to—after several trips downstairs to Hartman, waiting in the hall below. On the last trip upstairs, however, Hartman followed the maid. In the meantime, Mrs.

Chambers had fled to her bedroom, where, in lightest negligee and deepest distress, she was calling up her literary husband, when David Hartman, crack process server of New York City, just stepped over the doorway of that Chambers matrimonial apartment, threw the process on the floor, and made his graceful adieu.

"Beg pardon, lady," said he. "Don't blush at your negligee. I'm not looking. Besides, I'm a married man myself. Married these last six months—to a lovely girl. I'm sorry to intrude. But the law is the law. And I'm a limb o' the law, 'yer get me? Now don't take on, it's only a summons, and it won't explode. Just pick it up and act reasonable. I'll be goin' now. Sorry you're not more philosophical. Say, lady—" Hartman lingered just one minute more, from motives of gallantry—pure, chivalrous, male gallantry. "Say, lady, would it make you feel any better if I told you I read everything your husband writes? Well—I do. I know all his heroines by name. Nice, fancy, romantic names—he always picks out for them all, too."

Hartman, the masterful; Hartman, the won't be eluded; Hartman, crack process server of New York, who daily strives to live up to his reputation, "he serves where others fail," departed down the carpeted stairs of the Chambers mansion, leaving Mrs. Chambers clutching her pink silk wrapper to her breast while, with two fingers, she reached for the receiver and called up the great master of love and romance, her husband. In fact, Mrs. Chambers also called up the shining legal light of the New York bar, her lawyer. To both of whom the dainty, shivering, outraged, palpitating lady explained that she had "never been so insulted in her life."

Of course, Hartman's arrest followed. Also the accusation of Hartman by the lady that he had stolen her pearl necklace. This charge, later, to be sure, Mrs. Chambers signified her willingness to

drop, on the ground that Hartman did not have exclusive opportunity to appropriate her pearls, as Hartman previously, had pointed out that he had not. But the whole affair, with its subsequent court action, plunged Mr. Hartman into such a reminiscent mood, not to say, yet pathetic—withal, just a shade pathetic—that other doings, great and glorious doing of New York's crack process server were also mentioned by himself and his partner, Max Kaminsky.

David, it seems, has had quite a few little experiences serving processes. Experiences in which great drama has been not far distant.

As David himself points out: "Bath-tubs ain't nothin' to me—as bath-tubs, when I'm out to serve a summons—no more than bedrooms is to me, sir, as bedrooms; nor yet weddings, nor funerals, nor a shimmy-shaking dance, nor a swell dinner party 'way up on Riverside Drive, nor an art exhibition down on Fifth avenue, nor a christening, nor an inner office, nor a nobby Fifth avenue apartment where before you get in and up you have to be announced by two footmen and an elevator boy. No," David Hartman finishes, with aplomb, "none of these ain't nothin' to me. I go where I am sent; I serve what I am given; I wait through heat and cold and rain and snow; I wait, watching for my subject (they also serve who only stand and wait, you know), and while I wait I study the photographs, so that I will be sure to know my subject when he ducks his head outside the door." This in the beginning from David Hartman who served the summons on Mrs. Robert Chambers in her bedroom.

Now, David is nothing if not obliging. And to a sympathetic listener he's willing to tell a few professional secrets. He'll let you know, first of all, that he is a true democrat. That he's no respecter of persons.

"See a swell dame with a crepe de chine dress and a handsome fur neckpiece and embroidered silk socks and little patent leather slippers and—probably—somewhere in New York there's some poor d—'I o' a process server waiting to hand her a summons about seven costumes she ordered from a Fifth avenue modiste and forgot to pay for" explains David. "The worst bill dodgers in the world are the rich, y'know. But women are not the only offenders. There's Ben Ali Haggin, the artist. I had a hard time serving Ben Ali with a summons."

"That came the time Wallace Crover, the architect, sued Haggin for work, labor and services. The process was handed to me after half a dozen polite process servers had called at Haggin's and the butler had told them Mr. Haggin was in the midst of intense creative, artistic effort, and could not be disturbed for six months. So I went to see him."

"He lived then on Madison avenue and Seventy-third street. I arrived there just after the assembled guests had all gone into a pretty little dinner party Mr. Haggin was giving between spells of intense, creative, artistic effort. I reasoned with the butler first."

"It's just a bit of a little process," said I. "Nothing serious. Only I'm its server and I must give it to your master with my own hands."

"You can't do it," said the butler, "they are even now beginning on the soup. Orders is orders."

"Quite true," I said. "I agree with you there. Orders is orders and that is why with or without your kind permission I'll just be stepping in to see Mr. Haggin, soup or no soup."

"I waved the menial aside," David Hartman went on, "and I just stepped, very politely, into the handsome dining-room and passed Mr. Haggin the process for the bill of work, labor and services of Architect Crover just as if I was his suave butler passing him the salted almonds instead. I took him polite, y'know. Polite—but firm—that's my motto."

"But did he take me polite? I ask you, did he take me, an officer of the law on a legal errand; me merely an automaton, in the progress of great justice, did he take me polite? He did not. Instead he broke out into Language—Ben Ali Haggin, and a friend of his—he did worse than that. He left his soup to cool right there; he departed from the seat before which his place card sat; he deserted his rolls and olives and his empty cocktail glass, and he chased me out into the hall, past the butler, out of the front door and onto the street, where he—to put it vulgarly—beat me up."

"My partner came running—my partner is Max Kaminsky, and we often go on violent cases together—well as Max came up to me running where I lay prostrate, the unknown dinner guest of Ben Ali Haggin's retreated and a bang of the door

and one peep of the butler's eye out of a slightly lifted curtain was all the evidence we had to go by to swear the warrant out. I got up from the asphalt. That was the first step. I rubbed my sitting-down place. I brushed the dust from my hat and polished my boots on the back of my trousers. Then I spoke.

"If it had been Ben Ali Haggin that had used me so rough," I said, "I would have put it down to artistic temperament. But it was only a pal of his. Say, Max, how'll we get his name to sue him?"

"Max pondered. 'Let's go away now and come back to-morrow,' he suggested. That seemed a good one to me, especially as I was pretty sore. So I limped away. Next day my good partner, Max, called alone. I was a trifle stiff. I, therefore, just hugged the house and ruminated, while I applied the liniment with a good red-flannel rag."

"Max, however, blithely went up to Haggin's and got right in. 'Who was the man who got a little rough with my partner yesterday?' he asked, smiling benevolently to disguise his right feelings.

"I know," said Ben Ali Haggin, "but I ain't a going to tell."

"All right, your secret, Mr. Haggin, but we'll get him yet," said Max. And he departed from thence.

"That started us on an eight days' hunt after the name of the man who bruised my shins. Then, when we were becoming weary with hunting, one day we went by Knoedler's art gallery on Fifth avenue."

"Exhibition of the Works of that Distinguished American Artist, Ben Ali Haggin," read the notice in the window. 'The Public Are Invited.'

"I nudged Max and Max nudged me. 'The public are invited,' I repeated. 'Do you get me? That means us, too. We are, as 'twere, two portions—individual portions—of the public. Come on in, Max. Who shall say a process server don't love art?'

an oil portrait of the very mad who had kicked me down the steps eight nights before when I dropped in on the Ben Ali Haggin dinner party."

"Portrait of John B. Ireland," the sign below it read.

"Oh you John B. Ireland," said I, looking the portrait square in the eye. "That is a speaking likeness. Now, dear friend, you'll have a summons all your own for the swiftness of that swift kick of your doughty right foot."

"I sued him, and in magistrate's court he paid me one hundred dollars damages for assault and battery."

That was just one of many violences which have come to Mr. Hartman and his partner, Mr. Kaminsky, in return for their zeal as representatives of parties aggrieved with the process served. In fact, as both Messrs. Kaminsky and Hartman point out, "If there's one thing in life a man—or a woman—will fight shy of it's a process. And if there's one person in life they blame for the trouble a process may cause them, it's the impartial, indifferent, neutral, unoffending man who brings the process to them. If it's a wife, she blames her husband's love for the other woman and late arrival home nights all his married life on the man who serves her the summons to appear in the divorce court."

"If it's a landlord, he blames the process server for the back rent due and all the repairs a troublesome tenant ever caused him. But the process server's not to blame. Now is he? That's why I always try to reason a client out of such nonsense."

"Once I had occasion to serve a process on a man at his own wedding. You see, that man was a slippery duck. It's all you could call him—slippery. I had followed him all over the city until one night I called at his bachelor apartment and the grinning elevator boy explained.

"Poor fella's being married to-night." That boy, you see, was a cynic on marriage. He told me where the bride lived. So I bought me a pair of shoes, had them done up all fancy in white paper and pink ribbon, and then I called on the man just in time for the wedding reception. This was at an apartment house 'way up on One Hundred and Eightieth street.

"One of the bride's brothers grabbed my hand and pushed me in, slapping me kindly on the back. The bride's mother next took me up and showed me all the presents, with hand half extended toward my pink-ribboned shoe box. She was sure that was a present, too."

"I'm awfully glad to see you," said she to me, in strong Yiddish. 'You make the party complete. Any friend of my new son's is a friend of his mommer-in-law's. She patted me warmly on the back."

"Yes," said I to her, 'quite true. Now, dear one, couldn't I get just a word with the groom?'

"More than a word," said she. 'Abie will be delighted to talk with you all you like.'

"She went away and brought him out. I edged him off into a corner. Oh, I'm human. I would never embarrass a man at his own wedding. I know, I've been married myself—six months ago. Now, Abie," said I, 'be a sport. Take it good, Abie. If it wasn't me it might be a homelier man; it's a summons, of course, but if it wasn't to-day it might be to-morrow, you'd get it. A honeymoon is worse to interrupt than a wedding. So, Abie, don't excite yourself! Here is the simple little thing for a bill of goods you ordered but never paid for. Now, Abie, don't take on!'

"As Dave Hartman, masterly technician, diplomat, firm yet suave, process server of New York City who goes out after results and brings results back explained, he mopped his brow in retrospective apprehension."

"Say," he continued, "that bridegroom might have beaten me up something awful with all the wedding guests there to lend him a hand. That wedding might have been turned into a row or a funeral—with me the leading character—and the rabbi might have come in handy for my last rites as well as the wedding vows. But did he? Did he? Ah, no!"

"Friend—lady—Abie took that process like a good sport, just as I advised him. In fact, I had not hardly finished with my last words, 'take it right, Abie, you're only married once,' then he, too, slapped me on the shoulder."

"Right you are," said he, 'but once is enough to be married. Come, drink to my lovely bride, and just tell me the brand of cigar you smoke and I'll go bring you out one. No, I'll bring you out a couple.'

"Now, that's what I call handsome. Also economical of effort and time. For it saved us both after litigation, which

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